1d.

A PROLOGUE ſpoken at *MITHRIDATES* King of *PONTUS*, the Firſt Play Acted at the *THEATRE ROYAL* this Year, 1681.

13. Feb. 168 2/3.

After a four Months Faſt we hope at length
Your queaſie Stomachs have recover'd ſtrength
That You can taſte a Play (your old coarſe Meſſe)
As honeſt and as plain as an Addreſſe.
And therefore Welcome from your ſeveral Parts,
You that have gain'd kind Country Wenches Hearts: stol'n.
Have watch'd returning Milk-maids in the Dark,
And ſinn'd againſt the Pales of every Park.
Welcom fair Ladies of unblemiſh'd Faith,
That left Town Bagnio's for the fruitful Bath;
For when the Seaſon's Hot, and Lover's there,
The Waters never fail to get an Heir. make.
Welcom kind Men that did your Wives attend,
And Welcom He that was the Husbands Friend,
Who holding Chat did ſilently Encroach,
With Treacherous Hand to grabble in the Coach.
Hail you New-Market Brothers of the Switch,
That leap left Strumpets, full of Pox and Itch, } uſe caſt.
A leap more dangerous than the Devil's Ditch.
Laſt Welcom you who never did appear;
Gave out i'th' Country, but lay fluxing here. the
Now Crawl abroad with Stick, lean-chapt and thin,
And Fair as Lady that hath new lain in;
This Winter let us reckon you our own,
For all Wiſe Men will let the State alone:
The Plot's remov'd, a Witneſs of Renown Or coach.
Has lodg'd it ſafe, at t'other End o'th' Town,
And that it ne're may fail, ſome pious Whore
Has caſt her Mite, and fairly at his Dore
Laid two ſmall ſqualling Evidences more;
Which well inſtructed, if we take their words,
In time may grow to hang two Popiſh Lords; come.
Heav'n Grant the Babes may Live, for Faith there's need,
Swearers fall off ſo faſt, if none ſucceed
The Land's in danger quite to looſe the breed.
Unleſs you break an Act, which were a Sin,
And for recruit let Iriſh Cattle in.
Well; after all 'twere better to Compound,
Then let the fooliſh Frolick ſtill go round,
Both ſides have loſt and by my Computation gain'd in all the
None but Jack Ketch *has gained in the Nation.* John Dryden.

EPILOGUE. by Mr Dryden.

POX on this Play-house, 'tis an old tir'd Jade,
'Twill do no longer, we must force a Trade;
witnesses oth' What if we all turn Witness of the Plot?
That's overstockt, there's nothing to be got.
Shall we take Orders? That will Parts require,
Our And Colledges give no Degrees for Hire,
Would *Salamancha* was a little nigher.
Will nothing do? Oh now 'tis found I hope;
Have not you seen the Dancing of the Rope?
When *Andrew's* Wit was clean run off the Score,
And *Jacob's* Cap'ring Tricks could do no more,
A Damsel does to the Ladders Top advance
And with two heavy Buckets drags a Dance;
perk' The Yawning Crowd pearch't up to see the sight,
with And slav'r'd at the Mouth for vast Delight:
Oh Friends there's nothing to Enchant the Mind,
cleft Nothing like that sweet Sex to draw Mankind:
The Foundred Horse that switching will not stir,
Trots to the Mare, afore without a Spur.
Faith I'le go scoure the Scene-room and Engage
prop. to Some Toy within to save the falling Stage. *Exit.*

Re-Enters with Mrs. Cox.

Numps Who have we here again, what Nymphs i'th' Stocks?
slave Your most Obedient Servant, sweet Madam *Cox*.
You'd best be Coy, and Blush for a pretence,
For Shame say something in your own Defence.
Mrs. *Cox*, What shall I say? I have been hence so long
I've e'ne almost forgot my Mother Tongue;
If I can Act I wish I were ten Fathom
Beneath———————————
M. *Goodman*.—— Oh Lord, Pray, no swearing, Madam;
Mrs. *Cox*, Why, If I had sworn, to save the Nation
serve I could find out some Mental Reservation.
Well in plain Termes, Gallants, without a Shamm,
Will you be pleas'd to take me as I am.
Quite out of Countenance, with a down cast look,
Just like a Truant that returnes to Book:
Yet I'me not old, but if I were this place
Ne're wanted Art to peice a ruin'd Face.
When Grey-Beards Govern'd I forsook the Stage,
You know 'tis piteous work to Act with Age;
since Though there's no sex amongst these Beardless Boys,
There's what we Women love, that's Mirth & Noise,
These young Beginners may grow up in time,
And the Devil's in't if I'me past my Prime.

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